

## WHEN GEMS WERE PRECIOUS.

(Original.)

"Mother, Carl says you told him a pretty story about some jewels you lost when you were a young lady. Won't you tell it to me?"

"If you'll promise not to repeat it," the Countess of Blumenstein took her little daughter on her lap and told the story.

"Twenty years ago," she said, "when jewels were very expensive, they were much valued by those who could afford to own them. It was, I think, in the year 1906 that a young lady of the nobility whom we will call Bertha was appointed one of the ladies in waiting to the empress. Her majesty possessed one of the rarest collections of gems in Europe, and Bertha was made responsible for them. There was a young man at court whom we will call Maximilian. He was of royal blood through his mother, but not through his father.

"Now, Maximilian took very little interest in court matters. He was a student, always experimenting with liquids that he poured into little glass tubes and bottled and froze and did all sorts of queer things with. It was about this time that a new and funny substance was discovered called radium. It had a sort of glow that never died out. Maximilian took great interest in radium and was constantly trying its glow on different other substances.

"One day Bertha—it was about two years after she had been appointed lady in waiting—went to the vault where the empress' jewels were kept, and, lo and behold, they were gone—that is, all except the diamonds, which were in a safe within the vault. She faint, but soon recovered and went out, locked the vault and sat down to think what she should do. It was enough that the jewels had been taken while under her care, but would she not be held responsible as the thief? While she was in agony as to what to do in the world she should do Maximilian was announced. In a few minutes she was pouring her troubles into his ear.

"Maximilian thought for a long while then told her to say nothing about the theft. All would depend upon the empress not calling for her lost gems for some time. Photographs of them were kept that they might be identified in case of loss. Maximilian took these photographs and told Bertha that he was going to put the best detective in Berlin on the track of the jewels. What are detectives? There are no such persons now. There used to be, but there were so many ingenious detective story tellers that they revealed to the thieves all possible ways of tracing them, and the detectives ceased to be of use.

"Well, Maximilian took two sets of photographs away with him, telling Bertha that if the gems were not called for for a month all would be well. It happened that the empress was indisposed about that time and attended no state occasions, so she did not need her jewels. Bertha was in an agony of suspense for the thirty days; then one day Maximilian came to see her. When they were alone he unrolled a parcel, and there were the gems.

"Of course she was wild to know how he had recovered them, and to her astonishment he told her that they were not the original gems, but others he had manufactured. I will try and explain to you how he did it. He had noticed that that funny substance called radium imparted to the little glass tubes he used a beautiful blue. This led him to a new experiment. He took certain crystals of different hues, put them away in the dark and when, after several weeks, he looked at them, what do you think? Why, the white crystals had become yellow topazes, the blue crystals green emeralds, while the violet crystals had turned into blue sapphires. He had made the discovery that has since led to the manufacture of what used to be called precious stones. To reproduce the gems shown in the photographs he had crystals cut like the originals, then exposed them to the influence of radium.

"It wasn't a week after this that one of the multimillionaires of America came to Berlin. At the same time came a princeling, a cousin of the emperor. A state dinner was given, the emperor pretending that it was for the princeling, but it was really for the big American banker. The empress called for all her jewels. Bertha brought them to her, and neither she nor any one else knew that they had been manufactured. The funny part of it was that the great banker, who was a collector of all kinds of rare articles, through a medium, offered the empress five times the cost of her jewels. She sold them to him, and he presented them to an American museum. They are really a curiosity, though he didn't know it, for they were the first manufactured real gems, though now there are millions of them. And because they are cheap people don't wear them any more.

"Meanwhile Bertha suspected one of the maids of honor of stealing the lost gems. The girl finally confessed to Bertha and returned them. This was after the manufactured ones had gone to America. Bertha consulted with Maximilian as to what they should do. He said their return would make a dreadful scandal and might create a bad feeling between Germany and America, so she said nothing about them, but buried them."

"And what became of Maximilian and Bertha?" asked the child.

"They are now the Count and Countess of Blumenstein."

"Why, that's papa and you."

"Oh, my child, never speak of it to any one. I have been very incensed to tell you the story."

ELEANOR GREGG.

Have Two Wash Boilers.

It saves time on Monday to use two wash boilers. Even when the wash is small there is a great advantage in having two boilers. All the rubbing can be done before the rinsing begins, leaving all the tubs free.

## KING AND PRINCE SLAIN

Portugal's Ruler Killed by Assassins

IN THE PUBLIC STREETS

Prince Manuel, the Second Son, Who Now Becomes King, Slightly Wounded—Royal Guards Kill Three of the Regicides—City in an Uproar.

Lisbon, Feb. 3.—King Carlos of Portugal and the crown prince, Luis Philippe, were assassinated Saturday, and the city is in a state of uproar. The king's second son, the infant Manuel, was slightly wounded, but Queen Amelie, who strove to save the crown prince's life by throwing herself upon him, was unhurt. A band of men, waiting at the corner of the Praca do Comercio and Rua do Arsenal, suddenly sprang toward the open carriage in which the royal family was driving to the palace, and leveling carbines which they had concealed upon them fired. The king and the crown prince, upon whom the attack was directed, were each shot three times, and they lived only long enough to be carried to the marine arsenal near by, where they expired.

Almost at the first shot the king fell back on the cushions lying, and at the same moment the crown prince was seen to half rise, and then sink back on the seat. Queen Amelie jumped up and threw herself toward the crown prince in an apparent effort to save his life at the cost of her own, but the prince already had received his death wound. The police guard fired upon the assassins and killed two of them. A third, who was arrested, committed suicide in prison. Apparently there were no other arrests. The royal family was returning from Villa Vicosa, where the members of it had been sojourning, and were on their way from the railroad station to the palace. A strong guard was in attendance because of the recent uprising in the city, and the discovery of a plot to assassinate Premier Franco and overthrow the monarchy. But the band of murderers had selected the most advantageous spot for the commission of their crime, for they were concealed from the eyes of the police until the carriage was wheeled into the Praca do Comercio, a large square.

A Fusillade of Shots.

Before any of the guard were aware of what was happening, the assassins leaped toward the carriage, and instantly a fusillade of shots rang out. In a moment all was terrible confusion, the king and crown prince being shot down with the slightest chance to save themselves. Police guards sprang upon the regicides, the number of whom is somewhat uncertain, and killed three of them and captured three others. One of these committed suicide after being placed in prison. It is charged that one of the murderers was a Spaniard named Corra.

The bodies of the king and crown prince were removed from the marine arsenal in two closed carriages to the royal palace, the Praca Das Necessidades, the residence of the king, escorted by municipal guards mounted.

The news of the assassination swept through the city like fire, through dry grass and Saturday night half the population was panic-stricken, not knowing where the next blow may fall. There is the greatest dread for the future of the country, which seems on the verge of being plunged into the awful throes of a revolution, with all the attendant horrors and bloodshed. Throughout the city consternation reigns, and all the houses and business places are barricaded.

Three Bullets in the King's Body.

An examination of the wounds of the king, who was already dead when he reached the arsenal, showed that three bullets had found their mark. One wound was situated at the nape of the neck, a second in the shoulder and the third, which was the fatal wound, severed the carotid artery. The crown prince, who was still breathing, but who died almost immediately after admission to the arsenal, had suffered three wounds in the head and chest. Two bullets had struck Prince Manuel, one on the lower jaw and the other in the arm.

Queen Maria Pia, the mother of King Carlos, the duke of Oporto, his brother, a number of the ministers and court officials hastened at once to the arsenal, where the news reached them of the attack upon the royal family.

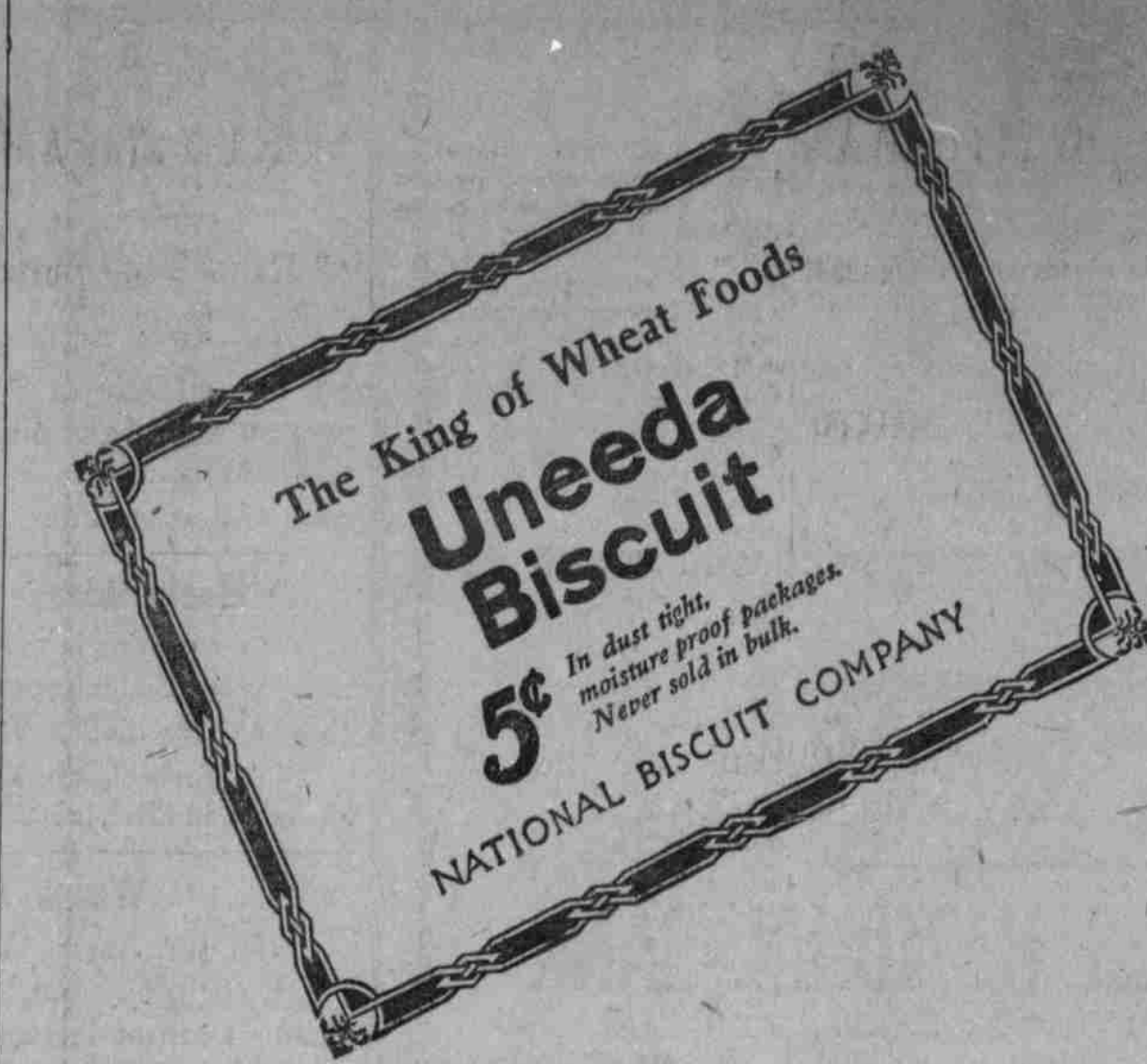
The cold-blooded murder, one sent a thrill of horror throughout the country, even among those who have been working politically for the establishment of a republic eventually, and sorrow is expressed on every hand at the dreadful end of the king and crown prince.

At the first blush it would seem as though the assassination was the work of anarchists and not of Republican sympathizers. Nevertheless, the stirring events of the last few weeks have prepared the people for some startling culmination. The discovery of plot after plot, as well as the discovery of many secret stores of weapons and ammunition, had demonstrated beyond peradventure the existence of a determination on the part of a large body of the Portuguese to overthrow the present conditions and proclaim a republic.

The tragedy occurred about 5:30 in the afternoon, but the panic which instantly gripped the city and all its activities prostrated the lines of communication, and it was not for some hours that the news of the assassination was permitted to be sent broadcast. Lisbon Saturday night wore an air of utter desolation. Theaters and cafes were closed, the streets were almost deserted, and the electric cars were moving without passengers. In short, the city had shut itself up in the houses.

The New King.

While the people commended upon the future of their country, the minds of all the faithful monarchists turned at once to the thought that the wounded infant Manuel was king of Portugal. With this conviction came the other that all must be done to safeguard the boy's life, and couriers thundered through the



streets summoning to the bedside of the

wounded youth all the skilled physicians that could be found in Lisbon. The latest bulletin from the bedside of Prince Manuel states that at present there is no danger of complications from the wounds. The greatest fear is of the possibility of blood poisoning later.

THE MODISH SILK TIE.

How to Make the Latest Fashion in Massine Neckwear.

Knitted silk ties for men are in great demand just now, and as this particular style is easy to make the following are given for the benefit of our readers:

Before starting this neck piece get one and a half ounces of silk—any shade desired—and four steel needles. No. 24.

Then cast on 60 stitches on three needles (30 on one and 15 on each of the other two) and knit plain round, as for a stocking, till 10 inches are knitted. Then at the beginning of the needle on which there are 30 stitches, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit plain round, then slip 1, knit 1 and pass the slipped stitch over the knitted one, knit 1 plain.

Second Needle.—Knit 1, knit 2 together, knit plain to the end.

Third Needle.—Knit plain to the last 3 stitches, then slip 1, knit 1 and pass the slipped stitch over the knitted one, knit 1 plain.

Knit 4 plain rounds. Next round decrease, as before. Knit 3 plain rounds.



AN ATTRACTIVE SCARF.

Next round the 4 stitches. Knit 2 plain rounds. Next round decrease the 4 stitches again. Knit 1 plain round.

Continue decreasing 4 stitches in every alternate round till 10 stitches are left on one needle and 5 on each of the other two. Knit plain round 15 inches long. Then increase 4 stitches in every alternate row at the beginning and end of needles, as the decreasing was done at the opposite end of neck, until there are 48 stitches. Then knit 2 plain rounds. Next round increase 4 stitches.

Knit 4 plain rounds. Next round increase 4 stitches, when 60 stitches will be on the needles again. Knit plain round 15 inches long. Cast off. Sew up each end, press flat, when the tie will be finished.

A Handy Iron Cleaner.

You can make a very practical little contrivance for use on ironing days, says the Delineator. It consists of a block of wood about five inches square. Five holes are bored in this block and filled with beeswax. These are covered with a piece of muslin. The other side of the block is covered with emery cloth. The emery side of the block is used to rub the iron on if the starch sticks, and the wax side gives the iron smoothness.

Bound to Get There.

"I don't know whether to make a doctor or a lawyer of John," said the old man. "I've got a lawsuit to be settled and a leg to be cut off, so I suppose I can't miss it far either way."—St. Louis Republic.

Point of View.

Snide.—Wouldn't you like to be as happy as a lark? Johnnie.—Now! Think of the time they have to get up.—Truth.

It is from the remembrance of joys we have lost that the arrows of affliction are pointed.—Mackenzie.

## MAGAZINE REVIEW.

Training a Colt.

A valuable colt had acquired a habit of backing. It did not seem to be vicious about it, but just backed in the same matter-of-fact way that most horses go ahead in. Its owner—who was steady and good-tempered—hit it out before a sulky, took him out upon a field that had been plowed, harrowed, rolled, and was then frozen—the surface being almost as smooth as a lawn door. After a moment's rest the colt was given the word to go on. At once he backed. With the utmost gentleness came the steady pull on the bit, and the word, "Back, back," repeated again and again. For an hour the colt was backed very slowly and cautiously around the field, then taken to the barn. He was backed every day for a week, then taken out on the road and driven up and down, turned, backed a few steps—only just enough to turn the light wagon. Two or three trainings on the road were sufficient. He never backed again, unless under orders.—Suburban Life for February.

Fortunes in Philippine Trees.

Ninety per cent. of the Philippine forests, which have a growth computed to be 1,400,000,000 cubic feet, or three times the yearly cut in the United States, is going to waste, and all the while the world is clamoring for timber. So writes Newton Forest in the Technical World Magazine for February. The obnoxious, managranies, ironwoods, narra, and all manner of precious woods, that need only modern methods, a maximum of machinery and a minimum of handling to make Monte Cristo of the needed lumbermen are becoming with their age arms to the thrifty American to come and make his fortune.

Two important concessions have been granted to lumbering concerns by the Philippine government, viz, the Mindoro Lumber and Logging company, on the east coast of Mindoro, and the Insular Lumber company in the northern part of the island of Negros. Both of these companies have a twenty-year license agreement and are doing an enormous and profitable business.

A description of the wonderful opportunities open to the lumberman in this new field, with fine photographs illustrating the text, follows, and the story is of extraordinary interest.

Every Inch a King.

In the latest installment of her Memoirs, in the February Magazine, Ellen Terry writes with much feeling of her friend Oscar Wilde. It is when recalling Irving and his successes, however, that she is at her best. She writes:

"Henry Irving could not at first keep away from melancholy moods. Henrietta Maria was another sad part for me, but I used to play it well except when I cried too much in the last act. The play had been one of the Bateman productions, and I had seen Miss Isabel Bateman as Henrietta Maria and liked her, although I could not find it possible to follow her example and play the part with a French accent."

"I constantly catch myself saying of Henry: 'That is by far the best thing he ever did.' I could say it of some things in 'Charles P.'—of the way he gave up his sword to Cromwell, of the way he came into the room in the last act and shut the door behind him. It was not a man coming on to a stage to meet some one. It was a king going to the scaffold, quietly, unobtrusively, and courageously. However often I played that scene with him, I knew that when he first came on he was not aware of my presence."

"Much has been said of his 'make-up' as Charles I. Edwin Long painted him a triptych of Vandyke heads which he always had in his dressing-room, and which is now in my possession. He used to come on to the stage looking precisely like the Vandyke portraits, but not because he had been busy building up his face with wig-paste and such-like atrocities. His make-up in this, as in other parts, was the process of assisting and subtly the expression from within. It was elastic and never hardened. It changed with the expression. As Charles he was assisted by Nature, who had given him the most beautiful Stuart hands; but his clothes most actors would have despised to the dust-bowl. Before we had done with Charles P.—we played it together for the last time in 1904—these clothes were really treasured. Yet he looked in them every inch a king."

I wish I wasn't born a boy. Cox boys for everything must pay. There's nobody that counts it joy To take a lady to some cafe. It makes no difference how I sigh An' wish I could see a show; Though twenty men were standing by Nobody says: 'Let's go.'"

There's no one wants to pay my fare, An' no one comes to call on me, Or asks to take me anywhere, An' there's so much I'd like to see. I wish I wasn't born a boy. For boys don't ever stand a show; There is so much I could enjoy If only I was asked to go.—Detroit Free Press.

Easy-going Morals in New York Society.

In the February American Magazine, where Upon Similiar is telling his great

story of New York society, the following passage appears:

"A woman, married or unmarried, might travel with a man all over Europe, and everyone might know that she did it, but it would make no difference, so long as she did not do it in America. There was one young matron, whom Montague would meet, a raging beauty, who regularly got drunk at dinner parties and had to be escorted to her carriage by the butler. She moved in the most exclusive circles, and everyone had treated it as a joke. Unpleasant things like that did not hurt a person unless they got 'out'—that is, unless they became a scandal in the courts or the newspapers. Mrs. Alden herself had a relative (whom she cordially hated) who had gotten a divorce from her husband and married her lover forthwith, and had for this been ostracized by society. Once when she came to some semi-public affair fifty women had risen at once and left the room! She might have lived with her lover, both before and after the divorce, and everyone might have known it, and no one would have cared; but the conveniences declared that she should not marry him until a year had elapsed after the divorce."

"Poor John."

As an illustration of woman's wit, Mr. Depew, who is still senator from New York, cites the following: A man once found that his wife had bought a few pounds of false hair. This displeased him. So one day he hid in the hall outside of her room, and, just as the lady was adjusting the false puffs, he darted in upon her.

"Mary," he said, reproachfully, "why do you put the hair of another woman upon your head?"

"John," retorted Mary, with a glance at her husband's shoes, "why do you put the skin of another calf upon your feet?"—Everybody's Magazine.

Too Thought.

A traveler in the dining car of a railroad had ordered fried eggs for breakfast. "Can't give you fried eggs, boss," the negro waiter informed him, "lessen you want to wait till we stop."

"Why, how is that?"

"Well, de cook he says de road's so rough dat every time he tries to fry a egg dey scramble."—Life.

A Natural Consequence.

No wonder we're reckless whenever we find A friend who has coin and will trust. What else should we do after raising the wind But start right in blowing the dust?—Philadelphia Press.

If Otherwise.

I wish I had been born a girl, A pretty girl like sister is. With hair that I could keep in curl With hair that I could daily friz. Cox then, when fellows come to call, I'd simply have to sigh 'jest so; And wish to go to some swell ball—Then sure enough I'd go.

If I was born attractive, like My sister is, an' had her ways, I would not have my pa to strike For money to go to the plays. Cox when a fellow called on me I'd simply talk about the show, An' mention one I'd like to see—Then sure enough I'd go.

If I could wear a trailing dress, Like sister does, an' peek-a-boos, For candy I'd not beg, I guess. For always get the kind I choose. I'd make a date with some nice man, Little sister does, with lots of rocks. Then meet him at the front door, an' Sure enough I'd get a box.

If I had been born a girl like sis, To cresses and things I'd go; An' not a party would I miss. So long as I could get a beau; Then afterward I'd have a sigh An' mention some I'd like to know. Where they keep dandy apple pie—An' sure enough I'd go.

I wish I wasn't born a boy. Cox boys for everything must pay; There's nobody that counts it joy To take a lady to some cafe. It makes no difference how I sigh An' wish I could see a show; Though twenty men were standing by Nobody says: 'Let's go.'"

There's no one wants to pay my fare, An' no one comes to call on me, Or asks to take me anywhere, An' there's so much I'd like to see. I wish I wasn't born a boy. For boys don't ever stand a show; There is so much I could enjoy If only I was asked to go.—Detroit Free Press.

## LOSE SECOND MILL IN WEEK

Johnson Bros. Burned Out at Waterford.

SUFFER A SECOND LOSS

Looks Like Incendiarism, as the Engine Had Never Been Started—Second Blaze Causes Them About \$500 Loss.

Littleton, N. H., Feb. 3.—One week ago Saturday the saw-mill of Johnson Brothers at Waterford, Vt., was burned to the ground under circumstances that indicated incendiarism. It was necessary for the firm to secure a mill at once and they bought the Kellogg mill at North Littleton. Repairs were being rushed preparatory to starting next week, but this mill was burned Saturday before a fire had even been started in the boiler. The loss was \$800. Opinion is divided as to whether hard luck or a firebug is pusing the firm.

FOR THE MARTHAS.

The Seven Real Worries of a Woman's Life.

Not half the horrors that women suppose are going to happen to them ever do happen. Yet it is in the nature of the gentle sex to expect and look out for them—to anticipate what fate may never send. The form that women nurture it, too, is so nebulous, so vague, so terrifying because so scantily defined, as to be absolutely possessive. It takes a horrible hold of the imagination and works upon the mind like subtle poison.

The chief fears to which women are prone have been numbered as seven, and the greatest are said on good authority to be, first, "the fear of being an old maid" and, secondly, that of "growing old."

The others are fear of losing a husband's love, of accidents, of loss of money, of loss of friends and of the future generally.

The third fear is a very potent one. It is the fear of losing a husband's love. Tradition teaches women that men soon tire of their wives and that when the bloom of woman's youth has worn away the love of man goes with it.

The thrill of alarm is to some curiously constituted natures a pleasant one. Upon no other hypothesis can one account for the states of wild anguish into which so many women work themselves when, delayed by some quite trivial occurrence, the husband or son does not come home at the usual hour. As the little wife sits and waits at home for the better half she sees him in her mind's eye in street accidents of various awful kinds, herself in widow's weeds, the funeral, the breaking up of the little home, her own avalanche of grief sweeping her into an early tomb.

Or if it is not her husband who is the hero of her morbid visions it is her baby or her growing brood of children who may be killed before her eyes or when they are old enough to marry may choose some one she does not like. The last situation is about the most absurd of the whole seven, but it is nevertheless a fear that haunts hundreds of good mothers.

SPARED THE ENEMY.

A Spanish Governor's Generosity in the War of 1746.

In the year 1746, when England was engaged in war with Spain, Captain Edwards of the Elizabeth of London, coming through the gulf from Jamaica richly laden, met with a violent storm. The ship sprang a leak that obliged it to run into the port of Havana. The captain went on shore and waited on the governor and told him of the occasion of his putting in, adding that he surrendered the ship as a prize as well as himself and crew prisoners of war, only requesting good quarters.

"No, sir," replied the governor. "If we had taken you in fair sea or approaching our own coast with hostile intentions, your ship would then be a lawful prize and your people prisoners, but when, distressed by the hand of Providence, you come to our port for safety of your lives, we being men, though enemies, are bound by the laws of humanity to afford relief to the distressed who ask it of us. We cannot, even against our foes, take advantage of the act of God. You have leave therefore to unload your ship, if that be necessary to stop the leak. You may fit her here and traffic so far, besides, as shall be needful to pay the charges. When repaired you may depart. I will give you a pass to be in force till beyond Bermuda. If after that you are taken then you will be a lawful prize, whereas now, as you are only a stranger, you have a stranger's right to safety and protection."

Edwards was full of gratitude. The ship departed and arrived without any further accident in the port of London.

His Repertory.

A Camden (N. J.) man recently reached the conclusion that his eight-year-old boy is a trifle too bright.

At dinner one evening the father had been entertaining a number of friends from Philadelphia with a funny story. This was at dessert. The youngster had been very quiet throughout the previous courses, but here he arose to the occasion in the style.

When the laughter induced by his father's humor had ceased, the boy, with a fine affectation of delight, said: "Now, dad, do tell the other one!"—Harper's Weekly.

Gleanings.

In Cuba the state telegraph offices have been combined with the postal department.

The water consumed in London each year would fill a trench 2,400 miles long and ten feet deep.

The Canadian government has instructed its agents in Europe to discourage emigration during the present winter.

A small Bristol china teapot presented to Edmund Burke by the founder of the Bristol factory was sold by auction in London recently. It brought \$2,100.

While running at a thirty mile an hour clip at White Lake Station, N. Y., recently a big buck which was pursued by dogs jumped on a platform, a milk train and was captured by trainmen. He was taken off at Rouses and weighed 180 pounds.



"Nature commands the mind to suffer with the body."

A sick person is a discomfiting associate under most circumstances. While the body suffers the mind makes mountains out of mole hills. If you have a run down, irritable, sickly friend, tell him to use

VINOL

and if Vinol does not help him we will pay back his money.

Red Cross Pharmacy, RICKERT & WELLS, Props.

## GRAVES OF BRITISH CELEBRITIES.

The Exhumation of The Bodies of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell.

To many people who have been following the Druce-Portland case it may be interesting to recall cases where the last resting places of great men have been disturbed for various reasons.

W. P. Frith, R. A., tells of a relic which was once shown him by an official of St. George's Chapel Windsor—a fragment of the flesh of Charles I. enshrined in a locket—and the story its owner told of it was this: "When he was a lad he accompanied his master and George IV. into the vaults of Windsor Castle to open a coffin of the 'Martyr King.' The head had been removed for George's close inspection. After the head had been restored to the coffin the boy discovered on the floor a piece of flesh, which he quietly secured and preserved all his life as a precious relic of the unhappy King."

The head of Charles's great enemy, Cromwell, met with much irreverent treatment. After the late Protector's remains had been dug up from their burial place at St. Dunstons, his head was exposed for twenty-five years on the top of Westminster Hall until one stormy night it was blown down and was picked up by a sentry who, hiding it under his cloak took it home and secured it in the chimney corner. It was later sold to a man named Russell, one of whose needy descendants exhibited it in a place near Clara Market. By him it was sold to James Cox, owner of a museum, who in turn parted with it for £230 to three men who exhibited it in Mead Court, Bond street, at half a crown a head, and after further strange vicissitudes it came into the possession of a medical man named Wilkinson, in whose family it remained a revered possession down to our own time.

"Rara Ben Johnson's" grave was opened at dead of night in Dean Buckland's time with the object of ascertaining whether or not he had actually been buried upright. He had. A collecting maniac who had been permitted to be present overcame his reverence for Ben's remains to the extent of carrying away some relics, and it was only after a threat of public exposure that they were ultimately restored. The Venerable Bede's bones were dug up some centuries after his death by a monk named Alford, who exposed them to public view and then carried them to the monastery of Durham, where in company with those of his pupil, St. Oswald, they were found in later years huddled up in a sack.

James II.'s coffin lay in the church of the English Benedictines in Paris until the days of the French Revolution, when the head was stripped from it for conversion into bullets before it was put under ground. Edward IV.'s tomb at Windsor was opened about the same time, and his skeleton was found sheathed in lead, with wisps of brown hair as fresh in appearance as if they had just been removed from a living head, and when Henry IV.'s remains were brought to light seventy-four years ago his bearded face was described a most lifelike in appearance.

Edward I.'s tomb was opened in 1774 at the request of the society of Antiquaries, and his body in its royal robes and with a scepter in his left hand was almost untouched by time; the actual height of Longshanks, by the way, was found to be 6 feet, 2 inches. A few years later King John's body was disclosed in equal preservation, with a corroded sword by his side; and in 1838 the brave heart of Cour de Lion was found beneath the cathedral of Rouen, enclosed in two leaden caskets, and still retaining its shape more than six centuries after it had ceased to beat.

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